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CIA DIRECTOR RIDICULED -- Havana, Revolucion, 30 Sep 65

[The following is the text of an article entitled  
"The Solution" from the column "Radar."]

The Chief of the Propaganda Division ran like a wild man down the halls of CIA Headquarters Building. Reaching the Director's office, he did not hesitate to open the door, saying:

"Admiral! Admiral!"

"What's the matter?" Raborn replied without looking up.

"There's a new problem, Admiral. A serious one. Castro is going to equip a Cuban port to allow Cubans to leave if they wish."

"But that certainly is a surprising political change on Castro's part!"

"A change of what, Admiral? That is what we tell our consumers. There has been no change."

"After all, what else does it show," Raborn calmly pointed out, leaving the estimates of the electronic computer on his desk. "We can do the same thing with the Communists here. We could even take advantage of this to infiltrate some of our agency's informers and send them to Cuba. Order the port in Dallas to be suitable equipped!"

"It will have to take place out of another, Admiral...."

"Why? Don't you think that President Johnson will be very flattered if the operation were executed from his native state?"

"It is a shame, Admiral...but Dallas is not on the ocean."

"All right, it shall be somewhere else, then. But soon!"

"That is not the problem either."

"Then what is it?" asked Raborn, looking him straight in the eye.

"The thing is that if the anti-Castroites succeed in escaping to Florida, there will be no accidents, and it will be impossible to expand our propaganda campaigns."

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"Hell, Mr Smith!" interrupted Raborn. "If that is what worries you, right here we can drown some exiles weekly. You would have surplus material and even the federal offices would thank us."

"There is another difficulty," the official timidly pointed out. "If we permit Castro to send us ships full of men and women, in less than a month we will be left without agents in Cuba. And you know very well how scarce the volunteers are now."

"It couldn't be easier. We won't let anyone leave!"

"Impractical, Admiral. For 2 years now we have been saying that Castro does not allow the Cubans to leave the island."

"Hummmmm," murmured Raborn pensively. A sepulchral silence permeated the office of the DCI. Smith's muscles were tense with the anticipation of one of the chief's ideas.

"All set! Let all the anti-Castroites come who wish to come," Admiral Raborn jubilantly exploded.

"And?"

"Very simple, Smith. We bring them all in, naturalize them, and send them back to Cuba, recruited as our agents. Then things will change."

"Change?"

"Elementary," said Raborn satisfied, "if Castro holds them again, they will be imprisoned US citizens and then the President can order the intervention to prevent a second Cuba."

"But that is the first."

"Stop your Byzantine worries, Smith! Besides, the operation would be much more economical. In Singapore agents cost us 3 million each. Imagine what it would be like to intervene in Singapore... What bankruptcy! In Cuba they shoot them, and this is different. The government and taxpayers would be eternally grateful to us. Think about it, Smith! Think about it!"